

AN: Time for another episode of everyone's favourite Friday night sitcom! I have an important announcement to make at the end, too. Enjoy!

Cheese

Jaws

Scene One – Apartment

(Greg and Dan are sat on the sofa. TPYMK bursts into the bedroom, brandishing a newspaper.)

TPYMK: I have good news!

(Greg stands straight up.)

GREG: The bar's open? Great – let's go!

(Greg tries to leave, only for TPYMK to push him back.)

TPYMK: No, no, Greg – it's nothing like that.

(Greg sighs, sitting down.)

GREG: Well, it can't be very good news, then, can it?

TPYMK: It *is* good news, actually. Better than sitting in a miserable bar drinking pint after pint of beer.

GREG: *Nothing* is better than that.

(TPYMK looks at Dan.)

TPYMK: Dan, stab Greg.

DAN: Right.

(Dan pulls out a knife and stabs Greg in the leg. He winces.)

GREG: I think I've pulled a muscle.

DAN: What is this good news, then? It hope it's the unveiling of an official statue featuring my likeness.

GREG: What, in a princess dress?

DAN: Those were stylised male garments, and you know it!

GREG: Styled to look like Snow White?

DAN: We shall discuss this later.

GREG: When we catch you looking for glass slippers again?

DAN: Shut up!

TPYMK: Listen, you fools! I now of something that will put an end to this boring day!

GREG: Will it fill up yet another dull sitcom plot?

TPYMK: Of course!

GREG: Oh, good! Well, what is it, then?

TPYMK: The beach!

GREG: The beach?

TPYMK: Yes – the beach!

DAN: I thought you hated the beach?

TPYMK: Dan, I don't hate the beach; I *despise* the beach.

GREG: That's okay, then.

DAN: So why do you want to go there?

(TPYMK holds up a newspaper.)

TPYMK: Because today's newspaper says that it's free!

GREG: Finally! That five-cent admission charge was really getting on my nerves!

TPYMK: Yes – it says right here that ever since the sea was polluted with toxic waste and ravenous mutant creatures, they're making it free so more people will go!

GREG: Sounds perfectly safe. Fun for all the family!

TPYMK: Then we'd better get on down there and waste most of our pointless lives!

(Dan gets up.)

DAN: I'll get the towels and the suntan lotion!

(Greg stumbles off.)

GREG: I'll get the beer!

Scene Two – Beach

(TPYMK, Dan and Greg are sat in deckchairs on the beach. A few towels and bottles of suntan lotion surround them.)

TPYMK: Look at this! The sun is shining, the birds are singing, and I can feel my skin slowly melting away!

DAN: I don't think that's the sun. Probably the highly potent radiation from the nuclear power plant next door.

TPYMK: Oh. Well, it's certainly showing its power, then!

GREG: I reckon it's time for a drink!

(Greg stumbles out of his deckchair, walking over to a refrigerator a few feet away. He pulls it open, taking out a bottle of beer.)

TPYMK: Greg, when I said to bring a cooler, I didn't mean for you to get the entire refrigerator.

(Greg sits back down, having already drunk half of his bottle.)

GREG: Well, we can't afford a cooler.

TPYMK: You could have improvised.

GREG: Next time, I'll just store the liquids in myself. I do that already, anyway.

(Dan looks around the beach, which is swarming with people.)

DAN: This beach really is quite packed today, isn't it?

TPYMK: Well, it is free – more people are likely to come. And besides, I'm sure they're all friendly.

(TPYMK waves at some unseen people, smiling.)

Look – see those people there? They're waving!

(Dan narrows his eyes.)

DAN: Yeah... but they're not using all of their fingers.

(TPYMK stops waving.)

TPYMK: How charming.

GREG: Screw those other people – we should have this beach all to ourselves!

TPYMK: You can't spoil a centre for family enjoyment, Greg. The children should have a right to build sandcastles and swim in the sea and... get pulled underneath by unseen creatures.

(TPYMK frowns, staring at the sea. A child disappears under the water.)

That doesn't look right.

(Dan points.)

DAN: Did that kid just get pulled under the water?

TPYMK: I think so. Maybe he just wanted a drink.

(Greg raises his bottle.)

GREG: Well, there are plenty of those here!

DAN: Look – more people are getting pulled under.

TPYMK: It's a mass drowning! Those suicidal pigs. They get to die while unfortunate people like us have to keep on living!

DAN: I think I just saw a fin...

TPYMK: What, you mean like a shark?

(Greg watches the seas, nodding.)

GREG: Some very familiar music is playing in my head right now...

(TPYMK and Dan stare at him.)

TPYMK: What?

GREG: The *Star Wars* theme.

DAN: I was thinking *Home Improvement*.

TPYMK: Are you both idiots?

DAN: Yes. That's kind of the plot of this show.

TPYMK: I think there might be a shark in the sea.

DAN: A shark?

GREG: What did you say?

TPYMK: *I said I think there might be a shark in the sea!*

(Everyone on the beach hears TPYMK. They all start screaming, scattering in every direction.)

DAN: Great. Now we're caught up in some kind of horror movie plot.

(The people in the sea try to get out of the water. A few more of them are pulled underneath.)

TPYMK: Those poor souls... At least their deaths were quick and painless.

(A voice sounds from in the sea.)

MAN: *Oh, my God! The shark is eating me! It's tearing at my flesh!*

TPYMK: Thank God for merciful creatures.

MAN: *The blood! Oh, God – there's blood everywhere!
Someone help me! I'm being eaten alive! It hurts so much!*

TPYMK: We should probably help them.

DAN: Help them? The royal prince does not help the commoners! He laughs at their misery!

TPYMK: Think about it. Three men try to hunt down a shark. What happens?

GREG: They all get eaten.

TPYMK: No – they destroy the shark, save the day and achieve fame and fortune! We'll be heroes!

DAN: We're not qualified to hunt down a shark.

GREG: Yeah – and I'm very busy drinking.

TPYMK: We could use one of Greg's bottles as a weapon.

GREG: I'm not getting any sharks drunk. The beer is for me and me only!

TPYMK: We're hunting that shark down whether you like it or not!

DAN: Oh, and you're going to get us a boat, are you?

Scene Three – Boat

(A pathetic-looking rowboat sails through the sea. TPYMK, Dan and Greg are sat in it.)

DAN: I don't believe this.

TPYMK: What?

DAN: The boat! How much did this thing cost?

TPYMK: My life savings.

DAN: About eight cents, then.

TPYMK: The boat may be sixty years old, but it's stood the test of time.

DAN: You didn't even get oars.

TPYMK: I couldn't afford them. Just paddle with your hands!

(Greg drains a bottle of champagne dry, throwing it into the ocean.)

GREG: I'm feeling seasick.

TPYMK: No – you're just drunk.

GREG: Good point.

(Greg throws up into the sea.)

TPYMK: I can see why the ocean is having a problem with toxic waste. Although the drunkenness puts you in line for a job as a pirate.

DAN: We're stranded in the middle of the sea! If a shark attacks us now, we're doomed!

TPYMK: Don't be ridiculous. We have a variety of weapons at our disposal.

DAN: Like what?

TPYMK: Ha-ha-ha! Just look at the bottom of this treasure trove of a boat!

(TPYMK reaches down underneath his seat, pulling out a few items.)

An old boot! A shoelace! A rubber band! No creature of the sea is ever going to mess with us!

GREG: We'd be better off using one of Dan's tiaras as a weapon.

TPYMK: Or maybe one of your bottles, if you weren't so clingy with them.

DAN: We're dead. We're going to either drown or be eaten alive. This is such a degrading death for a prince.

TPYMK: Dan, you're not a prince!

DAN: Yes, I am!

TPYMK: Don't make me throw you overboard!

GREG: Or walk the plank.

DAN: This entire boat is a plank!

TPYMK: Hey, why don't you—

(TPYMK suddenly stops, staring at the water. It starts to ripple.)

I think it's coming.

DAN: The shark?

(Greg finishes off another bottle of beer.)

GREG: I've just run out of beer.

DAN: Is that really what you're worried about?

GREG: This is a serious issue!

(TPYMK points at something in the sea.)

TPYMK: Look...

(The fin of a shark can be seen sticking out of the water, circling around.)

DAN: Oh, no...

GREG: Oh, God...

(TPYMK screams.)

TPYMK: *We're being attacked by bad prosthetics!*

(TPYMK starts paddling the water with his hand.)

We've gotta get out of here! Row! Row!

(Dan and Greg start rowing. Greg uses one of his bottles as an oar.)

DAN: Where the hell are we going?

TPYMK: Back to the beach!

DAN: But I can't see the beach!

(TPYMK looks around. Water surrounds them on all sides. Land is nowhere to be seen.)

TPYMK: Damn it! I knew that rowing for three hours would be too much.

DAN: We're screwed! I'll never get to wear those pink slippers again... They felt so snug and comfortable on my feet...

TPYMK: You really are a big loser, you know that?

GREG: And I won't ever get drunk again...

TPYMK: Oh, come on!

DAN: This is just like that film.

TPYMK: *Jaws*?

DAN: No – *Aladdin*. That's it.

TPYMK: This would probably make a good film, actually.

GREG: Yeah. And what would we call it?

TPYMK: *Super Jaws Shark Attack Zone Killer Horror 6D?*

GREG: Now *that* is a blockbuster.

(Dan shoots a worried glance at the sea.)

DAN: It's getting closer!

TPYMK: I can see that!

GREG: I can't – I'm too drunk!

TPYMK: This is awful!

GREG: You know, it's funny, actually.

DAN: What is?

GREG: The fact that we're all going to die.

(Greg laughs.)

TPYMK: I think you'd better brace yourselves, guys.

DAN: Why?

TPYMK: 'Cause the shark is coming for a bite!

(The shark suddenly rams into the boat, splintering it into pieces. TPYMK, Dan and Greg dive in opposite directions, landing in the water with a loud *splash!*)

DAN: I'm drowning! I'm drowning! Someone help me!

(TPYMK emerges from the sea, coughing and spluttering.)

TPYMK: You can't swim?

DAN: No – I'm just being dramatic.

TPYMK: This is serious!

(Greg looks around, terrified.)

GREG: This isn't good... This isn't good at all.

TPYMK: What's wrong, Greg?

GREG: This is water. My worst enemy!

TPYMK: Oh, it keeps getting better. Hey – it's the shark.

(He then screams.)

Oh, God – it's the shark!

(The shark bursts out of the water, snapping at TPYMK with its jaws. TPYMK gives it a punch on the nose, knocking it out of the

way.)

Take that, you stupid creature!

DAN: Did you just punch a shark?

TPYMK: Yes! It was making me mad!

GREG: It's coming back for you!

(The shark makes its way towards them again.)

TPYMK: It's not just a shark... It's worse than that...

(He frowns.)

It's a CGI shark!

(Dan screams, crying like a little girl.)

DAN: This nightmare just keeps getting worse!

TPYMK: There's only one thing we can do now.

(TPYMK dodges another attack by the shark, narrowly avoiding being swallowed.)

GREG: What? Surrender?

TPYMK: No. We'll use my secret weapon!

DAN: Your secret weapon?

(TPYMK pulls out a funny-looking gun.)

TPYMK: A Cheese Blaster!

DAN: Your *what*?

TPYMK: Now, before I use this, I have to think of a brilliant one-liner to say.

(The shark circles around for yet another attack.)

DAN: Just shoot it!

TPYMK: Hmm... "Now who's the bait?" Nah, that's not right...

DAN: Shoot it!

TPYMK: "You're 'fin'ished"? Nah – that doesn't work, either.

DAN: *Shoot it!*

TPYMK: "Just when you thought it was safe to go back into the water"? No...

DAN: *Shoot the damn shark!*

TPYMK: Oh, wait – why don't I just shoot it?

(TPYMK pulls the trigger. A yellow laser beam strikes the shark, blowing it into pieces. Bloody fragments of gore splatter over the trio.)

GREG: Hey – free food!

(Greg starts eating some of the guts.)

TPYMK: That's not free food...

(A cheesy grin spreads across his face.)

That's fish food.

(A loud voice sounds from behind.)

VOICE: And... *cut!*

TPYMK: Huh?

(The trio turn around to see a boat cruising past. Angel is sat in a director's chair, holding a megaphone to his mouth. He is surrounded by a film crew.)

ANGEL: That's a wrap, people!

TPYMK: *You* again?

(Angel grins at the trio.)

ANGEL: I told you I'd get my sequel! *Cheese 2: Cruise Control.* It's genius!

DAN: You mean this was all part of a film?

ANGEL: Of course! It's brilliant! You just killed \$200,000 worth of CGI! Well done!

TPYMK: And now you're going to get rich?

ANGEL: Yep. And since you never signed a contract, I don't have to pay you a dime!

GREG: You mean I don't even get a bottle of beer?

ANGEL: Nope.

(Greg looks angrily at TPYMK.)

GREG: TPYMK, shoot him.

(TPYMK aims his Cheese Blaster.)

TPYMK: My thoughts exactly, Greg.

(He fires at Angel, who screams in pain.)

The End

AN: Heh-heh-heh... For someone who hasn't seen *Jaws* in 90 million years, I do know my shark movies. That was pretty lame, wasn't it? And, naturally, it was all part of Angel's evil plan to make another movie about the trio! Still, I took care of him, though. Again.

Anyway, I want to take this opportunity to let you know that I'll be taking a break from *Cheese* for the next two or three weeks. I need some time to refresh and come up with more ideas, since it's harder than it looks to improvise something like this in one day. Don't worry, though – it'll be back before you know it! So, goodbye, and I'll see you soon!